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the stormtrooper

SAVED FROM A LIFE OF CRIME

HATELETS

SNEAKING MADE ME SICK

Special Feature

COMMANDER'S INTERNATIONAL REPORT: *England!*

official publication
American Nazi Party

THE STORM TROOPER, formerly the "National Socialist Bulletin, published six times each year, at 928 North Randolph Street, Arlington, Virginia.

the stormtrooper

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CONTENTS

From the Commander 3
Don Branch's Letter. 4
National Secretary's Notes . . . 5
Commander's Report on England. 6
Saved from a Life of Crime . . . 11
Sneaking Made me Sick 15
Nazi Hatelets 17
"World's Foremost Hate Agitator" 18
Nazi literature catalogue. 34

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The George Lincoln Rockwell Party, Inc.
a/k/a The American Nazi Party

from the desk of the

COMMANDER

As I write this, Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation have just departed my office. And I am filled, not only with an overwhelming sense of another victory over Jew Communism, but a deep gratitude to the Great Unknown Force which has proved to me, again and again, that there is a Power beyond our ken guiding and protecting us in this deadly and desperate battle.

On my trip to England, we succeeded in forming an international Nazi organization which was codified in the "Cotswold Agreements" as the World Union of National Socialists.

W. U. N. S. has already shaken the earth! The Jews realize that they are at last faced with an INTERNATIONAL apparatus for the first time in the history of humanity! They must smash us or perish!

The patient and long-suffering Gentiles of Argentina, Uruguay, the United States, England and a dozen other countries, are uniting in righteous wrath, and the Jews are becoming almost literally hysterical.

Thanks to this irrational hysteria, the Jews, instead of acting with their usual brilliant calculation, have "jumped the gun"! Thirsting for blood--my blood--the Hebrew hounds in the Justice Department went after me as a "foreign agent"! An agent of Colin Jordan, no less!

I cannot give precise details here, of course, but I can say that because of a technicality which I had overlooked in the Foreign Agents Registration Act, the Jews would have "had me in the bag" right this minute (they came ready to arrest me) HAD I NOT BEEN CARELESS ABOUT ONE TINY DETAIL! I was on the point of correcting that one detail, which would have "bagged" me for 20 years, when the hate-crazed Jews sent the FBI out to grab me prematurely.

Another week or ten days--and they would have had me!

It matters not the least bit that almost every Jew in America is flagrantly violating both the letter and the spirit of the Foreign Agents Registration Act by peddling bonds for Israel. Time and again I have complained to the Justice Department of these gross Jew violations of the federal law, but the officer in charge of this section of the "Justice" Department is ANOTHER JEW by the name of Nathan Lenvin from "Ceety Collitch", New York. And he is not interested in enforcing the law against nice Jew communist and Zionist agents, but only against patriots, right-wingers and Nazis!

Thanks, again, to the hysterical pressure of the Hebes, I learned of the technicality before commiting any act by which I would have innocently and unknowingly violated it.

I am aware that the "red hot" atheists among our following will deplore my attributing this miraculous "save" to an "Unknown Power". I can

(bottom of next page, please)

Editor:
the Thunderbolt

Don Branch 58R
Dade Co Jail
Miami Fla

Dear Sir,

This letter is in reference to a recent edition of your paper. This particular edition stated that in my recent trial I was in the clear until Commander Rockwell came into town to see me.

Let us get one thing clear, I belong neither to your organization or to the Commanders.

With this clear in mind, it can not be said I am bias'd for either organization.

Now, lets stop bickering between ourselves what do you say? Your article was not any where near correct. The Commander came into town long enough to offer "ALL" he could, in my defense, which is more than any other organization out side Miami did. when I told the Commander his presence in Miami might hurt me more than help me, he then immediately left town, with as little a-do as possible for my sake. He understood completely and to this day his offer of assistance still stands if I choose to take it.

We must stop fighting each other, and start fighting Judeo Communism. I have checked both organizations completely, I do not think I am a fool, if either of the organizations is a Jew front, my name is ISRAEL GOLDBERG. I consider the Commander a true patriot, fighting to return our Country to the people, and to take it away from parasitic Jewry, and I believe the same of your organization.

Now lets pull together for our great Country and cease this damned bickering. I am sure the Commander would like nothing better.

Sincerely
D. W. Branch

P.S. Both organizations will be mailed this Letter so there is no dishonesty on my part

THIS IS THE LETTER From Don Branch

. . . which clearly shows how tragicly false are the lies spread by men like Warner and Fields, who wrote in the "Thunderbolt" that Commander Rockwell was responsible for Don's imprisonment by the Jews, -when the truth is that Commander Rockwell was the ONLY outside Right-winger to come to Don's aid, as the letter shows. Gary Smith was trying to give this letter to some NSRP people, when he was attacked and then jailed by Warner and Fields at the NSRP convention. Gary got thirty days, but the decent white men who ran the jail let him out after he had starved in solitary for TEN DAYS! Unlike Warner-and-Fields, the jailers couldn't bear to see a White Man jailed and suffering because of the lies of other supposed "White Men"!

---

only say to them that if they were in my shoes, their perspective would be different.

I cannot believe that any unaided human being could continue for four long years to yank and chew on the tail of the Jew tiger and survive as I have been able to do. Indeed, this is just one more of the inexplicable incidents which makes me humbly conscious of the Holy Mission given into my trust by a Power Which I don't believe any human can ever understand.

And it is precisely this incredible and never-failing guidance which I believe insures our victory over Jew communism, race-mixing and subversion in 1972! I do not hold myself out to be any "prophet" or preacher, but I cannot help but raise my eyes humbly and gratefully to the Mighty Spirit of the universe which is guiding us to the inevitable victory ahead.

NATIONAL SECRETARY'S NOTES

Captain Karl Allen

Associate Members and other readers have told me that they like to keep up with changes here at National Headquarters, but--naturally--they don't find such news in their daily papers. For that reason, I try to mention a few on this page each issue. Probably the most significant change lately has been the renovation, inside and out, of the entire building on Randolph Street. This has all been made possible by the direct contributions of Associate Members. One local member not only designed most of the changes, but paid for the materials himself, and even pitched in with the hammering and sawing. Stormtroopers performed most of the labor, with Lts. James and Davids spending their off-time for several weeks on the job (both of whom, by the way, were recently promoted to First Lieutenant--the first such rank the Party has had).

Inside, the Shrine Room has been touched up by adding a startling black wall along one whole side, with a huge red-black-and-white swastika flag in the center of it, featured by a spotlight. Color portraits of Adolf Hitler and George Washington flank the big silk flag (which was a gift from our Chicago headquarters). A member from Florida shipped us a beautifully constructed Shrine stand on which we have mounted a bust of Adolf Hitler, under another spotlight. Office furniture--a desk and several chairs--were contributed by a member from Washington, D.C. A red votive candle burns perpetually on a central table, to commemorate our comrades in prisons (from this headquarters: Lt. Roger Foss and Stormtrooper Gene Shalander in the City Jail, 1145 N. W. 11th St., Miami, Fla.--I'm sure they would be glad to hear from you. Their appeal is pending, and we hope to report their release very soon).

Commander Rockwell personally designed scrolls for the Shrine Room on which will be inscribed the names of the Stormtroopers who have taken our Party Oaths against cigaretts and alcoholic beverages. (His own name will lead the list.) The combined effect is very impressive, and no one here had been heard, yet, to mourn the passing of the small metal Duty Officer's table and the huge, frayed, overstuffed couches. We have a long way to go to equal the glass and marble of the ADL across the Potomac, or even the air conditioned busses of a well-known "right-winger" (who we now hear has a deficit almost as big as his waistline), but our slow, constant improvement is a sure sign to the Commies that WE ARE BACK . . and here to stay!

Thanks, very much, to all those who responded to our letter of appeal that went out with the last issue. We never lie in our appeals, just as we are telling you the truth now. We actually STARVED for two weeks. On top of this, we were being verbally blasted from all sides--even worse from our "own people" than from the enemy. Buckley, Hargis, Cvetic, Pegler, NSRP and others, all fell into line with the Jew "War Veterans" saying we are working for the commies. We couldn't help but wonder what effect this barrage was having on our members, friends and supporters. Maybe it's not "good business" to admit this, but frankly we were astounded--gratefully astounded--not so much at the amount of money sent (it got us back on our feet), but at the NUMBER of people who responded. We heard from several persons who hadn't written in over two years. I realize that it isn't customary in the Right Wing to "let up the pressure" for funds, but at the risk of losing a few dollars from those who get the impression that we are rolling in money, all of us here would like to say THANK YOU ... not just for the dollars, but for the moral encouragement and the many kind words that most of you sent.

Special Feature

COMMANDER'S INTERNATIONAL REPORT:

England!

Since the first day I became convinced that the White Race's ONLY alternative to Jew Communism and race-mixing was NAZISM, I have worked just as hard to build an INTERNATIONAL fighting organization as I have worked to build the American Nazi Party itself.

I realized that you can't beat an international organization like the Jew-Communist-Zionist apparatus of treason with a local, "national" organization. Adolf Hitler proved that. When he beat the International Jews in Germany, they organized the entire rest of the world, including me, to go and beat the German anti-Communist White Men to death.

I have consequently worked with every resource at my command to get our fellow White Men in other lands to see that we are fish in separate barrels for the Jews to shoot at their leisure, --as long as we were "national" and seperate groups. "In Hoc Signo Vinces!" was the international battle-call which did as much good as anything else.

As a result of this four-year effort, our National Socialist comrades in other lands began to move slowly but surely toward the international White apparatus to oppose the international Jew-Communist-Zionist mongrel apparatus.

Daily Mirror

3d. Thursday, August 2, 1962 + + + No. 18,233

Yard watch ports as Colin Jordan plans secret rally

Organiser: COLIN JORDAN

BRITAIN BANS NAZIS FROM ABROAD

By JOHN SMITH

BRITAIN last night slammed the door on international Nazis and Fascists who plan to attend a top-secret Nazi congress in this

Daily Mirror

Mirror Picture Exclusive

3d. Tuesday, August 7, 1962 + + + No. 18,237

HOW THE 'FUEHRER' BEAT THE BAN

Memo to Home Secretary

Mr Brooke.. That Man IS in Britain. Here's the picture that proves it

By HOWARD JOHNSON and NICK DAVIES

A GLARING loophole in Britain's security defences has been exposed by the "back-door" entry into this country of George Lincoln Rockwell, who is the self-styled Fuehrer of the American Nazi Party.

Just a day after a Home Office announcement last week that foreign Nazi leaders would be barred from Britain, Rockwell was walking openly about London.

He even went to look at Scotland Yard—home of the Special Branch which guards Britain's security. And he stood outside 10, Downing-street and Buckingham Palace.

Jackboots

At the weekend—as shown in the exclusive picture on the right—he appeared at a jackbooted rally held in Gloucestershire by the Nazi-style British National Socialist Movement.

But by last night 43-year-old Rockwell had drawn a veil over his movements.

Special Branch men and other Scotland Yard detectives were looking for him in hotels and guest houses in the West Country so that they could prepare a report for the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Brooke.

Rockwell apparently got into England quite simply and perhaps without subterfuge . . . because there is no immigration check between Ireland and England.

In his order announced last Wednesday the Home Secretary told immigration officers to refuse entry to anyone known to be coming to attend an international conference called by schoolteacher Colin Jordan, 29, leader of the National Socialist Movement.

Race-hate

Rockwell, an advocate of race-hate who says Adolf Hitler is his "spiritual leader," headed the barred list.

But he came just the same. "He would

The indomitable Colin Jordan was the first to see the urgency of an INTERNATIONAL NAZI fighting organization and make the big break in Britain. On April 20th, the birthday of our spiritual Leader, Colin Jordan led a small band of brave men out of the British National Party and into the new British National Socialist Movement!

The British National Party was relatively huge, compared to Jordan's tiny band. And Sir Oswald Mosley's old and well-financed British Fascist Union was still bigger and far better known. But both of these organizations, together, had not been able to make any headway at all compared to what happened when Colin Jordan reached up to grasp the mighty hand of Adolf Hitler.

Power of Pure Nazism

As I have been preaching so long, as soon as they gave up the anti-Hitler pose, and stood forth openly as NAZIS, the Jews did most of the work for them. Jordan called a rally in Trafalgar Square for July 1, 1962.

Our intrepid little group of Nazis stepped out in the middle of London before their National Socialist banners. And, while the Jews and Communists had done almost nothing about the British National Party and Mosley until then, the sight of men brave enough to stand forth openly as NAZIS was too much for God's Chosen terrorists. The Communists and Jews went berserk and attacked wildly when my cable of congratulations was read to the crowd. When Colin Jordan dared to stand up and tell the truth, "HITLER WAS RIGHT!"--the Jews and reds turned on such a fantastic riot scene that it made international news--and the British National Socialist Movement.

Meanwhile, we had been quietly preparing worse things for the Jew betrayers of our nations and our race.

At first we started planning the international meetings by regular air-mail, but found our letters were opened by "Customs" in England, so we had to switch to something new. I cannot give details here, of course, but we have developed a fantastic "cloak-and-dagger" method of communication which turned out to be absolutely fool-proof. It worked! We planned every detail of the trip to England, and NOBODY, not even most of our officers and members here knew anything about it. In fact, I was the ONLY one on this side of the Atlantic who knew that the attempt to get into England would be made. I have learned by experience that the fewer people knowing about an operation, the more sure it is to succeed.

Irish Nazis

The British and Irish Nazis worked closely together in probing the British entry system, searching for the weakest point. And they found it! For weeks, teams of our men went back and forth over the border between North and South Ireland. (Ireland is a separate republic, while Northern Ireland is an actual part of England.)

The big question was, could I get into Ireland?

We decided that maximum boldness was the only way which offered any chance of success. I had been told by the British government in a letter a year before that I would be turned back at the borders if I attempted to attend the Nazi camp in Britain in 1961. So there was a strong possibility that the whole effort would collapse in the first moments.

When the "STORMTROOPER" was originally laid out, we planned to print on these pages some of the pictures taken in London during the nationwide hunt for the "fascist beast"--pictures in front of Buckingham Palace, talking to bobbies, in front of Scotland Yard, etc. But, since then, our London headquarters has been raided by the Yard--and our pictures seized. We will print the pictures in the next issue. Those at the left are tiny 16mm color slides, the best we have until Scotland Yard returns our films.

At left, some of the campers after a forum discussion of National Socialism. The faces of some of the foreign delegates have been blanked out for security reasons. At right, Colin Jordan at a castle in Scotland which we visited en route to London from Belfast, Ireland.

We decided to fly by a foreign airline whose employees would be less likely to have heard of me--because of the stupid efforts of the Jews to deny me "publicity".

They sent me the funds for the one-way ticket, because we didn't have enough for a round trip. We figured that we could get the fare back somehow once I was over there, and if they deported me immediately, it would be "free".

So I bought a ticket to Shannon, Ireland, with Aer Lingus, the Irish Airline. It had to be out of Boston, because New York is still "hot"--they have a warrant against me for the Jew attack on me in the Supreme Court, which the Jews claim is disorderly conduct on MY part!

Into the Night Sky

On 28 July, I flew to Boston, and waited unnoticed in the airport waiting rooms for more than six hours until ten forty-five p. m., when the Aer Lingus plane was to take off for Shannon. Then I showed my passport, my ticket--and got on the plane! My heart was in my mouth every second. I couldn't believe it, as step after step was accomplished! When the giant jet lifted off into the night sky, I felt an indescribable sense of relief and accomplishment. It could all go sour, of course, when we landed--but at least I had gotten off.

The nervous strain of the trip to Boston, the waiting in public, and the passport and ticket check, etc., had exhausted me, so that I sunk into a sort of stupified sleep on the plane. I awoke only for the moments when they served dinner, or fellow passengers moved over me. When they passed the free champagne, it was one of the most powerful temptations in my life. But I had taken the non-drinking oath before the party banner almost two years before, and, since then have not had so much as a beer--so I let the pretty Irish hostess pass me by with the glasses of champagne.

We got into Shannon at nine-thirty a. m. local time, and I went into a state of nervous tension I have come to know all too well after forty or fifty "combat" operations, riots, etc.

But I managed to appear part of the holidaymakers who filled the great plane, and filed into the customs shed to be investigated. This was IT!

Nazis on "Holiday"

I handed my passport to the Irishman at the desk, and he asked me for my address in Ireland. I told him I was being met by friends, and they alone knew where I was going--the gospel truth, of course!

He banged his rubber stamp on a page of my passport and motioned me over to the customs table, where I felt sure I would be recognized and seized.

(Continued on page 20)

Saved from a Life of Crime!

by Storm-Trooper Mike Sweeney

SPECIAL NOTE: "Mike Sweeney" is not the real name of the Storm-trooper who wrote this piece. Originally, we had planned to run his name and pictures. Then we got a surprise! His childhood sweetheart, who had divorced him, met him and was so impressed with his reformation that they are reuniting the family! Under the circumstances, we think it is better to protect this good woman and their innocent baby.. But "Mike's" fighting Stormtrooper Comrades will have no trouble identifying the author of this inspiring confession of faith.

Robbing stores, stealing cars for thrills and for money, bashing people for "the hell of it", wild parties, --these things put me behind bars, --almost for life!

As a youngster, I used to go to see gangster pictures or read them in the magazines. Later I could see them right in my own home on TV.

Life was cheap in those dramas and it moulded quite a bloodthirsty idea of life in my young mind.

Looking about me during my growing years the only public images around for me to worship were people like Jackie Robinson, the ball player, Louis Armstrong, the band leader, and that type--or gangsters. I chose the gangsters and patterned my habits after theirs. A mature mind can see them as repulsive, but to me, then, they were the only symbol of masculinity around. They were tough and strong, even courageous. If somebody gave them some lip they killed the creep on the spot. I admired our forefathers as a pretty rough bunch to have whipped the savage Indians and built a civilization out of near jungles.

As I grew up I began to live the roles I had come to idolize in the gangster movies. My first brush with the law came when I was 15 years old. My buddy and I kidded about taking his old man's car for a joy ride. All of a sudden it was no longer a joke to me --I liked the idea a whole lot. My

buddy didn't. He said "No!". I got mad. I jabbed him quick on the side of the head, brought my knee up in his groin and then brought my arms down on his head with a crash. He slumped over like a sack of potatoes

I pushed him aside, grabbed the keys, slid in behind the wheel and started the engine. I drove out of the driveway feeling like a newly-crowned king on a throne. That was my first real feeling of power! Man, I liked it! I pressed down hard on the accelerator. The blood rushed to my head and made me feel warm and good all over! I was living! To hell with the rest of the world and pity the man who tried to stop me!

I picked up some girls and went joy riding around town with one hand exploring the broad's anatomy. Things were going great when I misjudged a curve and smashed up the car. It was a wreck. I cursed the manufacturer for turning out such a cheap product, gave the girls a final thrill and took off to the woods.

I got caught and faced action before the Juvenile Authorities.

As the creep behind the desk with the horn-rimmed glasses was lecturing me some mumbo-jumbo about "debts to society" and "Christian morals", I was apologetically nodding my head "yes"--but actually I was a thousand miles away, dreaming of my next adventure.

The whole next year was a wild one. I always had money in my pockets and was starting to dress nicer. Girls notice such things. They always crowded around me. This was like a steady shot of adrenalin.

But my luck ran out and one night I was picked up in a stolen car. I was given probation with the stipulation that I join the Service. I went off to the Army, which I regarded as a new adventure, and a worthwhile one at that. I was filled with a patriotic fervor.

Thinking my life was straightened out, I married a hometown girl, my childhood sweetheart.

The Army was the biggest disappointment of my life. Again I was confronted with the same repulsive things that had originally led me to gangster worship. I couldn't stomach taking orders from panty-waist officers, and Negro sergeants. For the first time I was really beginning to look at the Negro as a Negro. I was white and they were black. In the world outside I was on top, but here they had a little authority, and they never let you forget it!

There was no spirit of patriotism anywhere in the Army. Everything was a scheme to avoid having to do anything. If you went out of your way to do anything extra, you were "Gung-Ho" or "waving the flag". Morale was terribly low. The Truman "police action" in Korea had just made a "paper tiger" out of Uncle Sam. The repercussions were reflected in the morale and attitude of the men. The whole feeling was one of "what's in it for me?".

Sure, I had been a hood before, but despite the wine, woman and song I wasn't happy at it. I had entered the Army believing that it would add purpose to my life, something I had been living without. Instead it was a super-shirking scene, where gold-bricking was glorified and everybody was out to clip the "mooch" and the "mooch" in this case, was my country, America. "Officers" were a laugh! Nobody respected them. They didn't have any guts!

The whole thing made me sick. One night I decided I had had enough.

My wife was set to have a baby, so I figured that was as good a time as any. I scraped together a few things and took off--over the hill.

A funny feeling came over me. Perhaps it was fear of getting caught, perhaps it was shame at not having stuck it out. I had never run from anything in my life--anything physical that is--anything I could see, or hit with my fists if it was threatening me.

When I was finally picked up I don't really know if I was disappointed

or relieved. I had no purpose in life and I couldn't see that it mattered either way. They put me in the stockade. The place was filthy and absolutely crawling with Negroes. They never bathed and the stench of body odor was everywhere. You'd imagine that, no matter how vile the stink, you'd eventually get used to it--guys that had worked in fish markets have told me that after a few weeks they couldn't tell the difference, except in the morning when they went in--but not with that body stench. It seemed to get worse. It was bad enough having to smell their lousy stinking bodies, but then there was their vile, insane jive talk, that you heard anyplace where you smelled the B.O. and that was everywhere. It was "Man" this and "Man" that, "Give me some skin, Jim", and the slow arrogant stroll as they went by you, peering out with half-closed eyelids. Sometimes I thought they talked vile just to impress upon you that they were different. They were black and they knew it. Sometimes I thought they were proud of it, until they glanced at a snapshot of a white guy's gal. And then they wished they were white. They wished they were white more than anything else in the world. Their eyes opened wide, and the leer stretched from one corner of their black face to the other. You knew what they were thinking, and it made you want to smash them.

The Army, and particularly my time in the stockade, brought out my consciousness of the fact that I was a white man.

The Negroes, their unwashed stench, and their sickening jive talk was not all that made life in the stockade a nightmare.

There was one guard, a short, dark, bow-legged thing named Lieber, with reptilian facial features. Lieber made a career out of being sadistically mean. He was always accompanied by a huge Negro guard with a primitive face and long beefy arms that aptly won him the name of "The Ape". Lieber would order "The Ape" around constantly and used him to bash any prisoner who got out of line, or any that Lieber decided would make an amusing sight while being bashed.

I remember one of the first nights I was there, Lieber had "The Ape" drag this young, blonde, white lad from Tennessee out of his cell and go through various physical contortions--bending over backwards, forwards, and rolling around on the floor. Lieber had a fit of crazy, hysterical laughing and tried to encourage the other prisoners to join in appreciation of his orgy. They didn't. They couldn't! It was sickening.

That night I hated Lieber so much that I didn't sleep a wink.

Another time, one white fellow was pretty sick and asked to be excused from an exercise that required all the men leaving the heated cell block and venturing out into the winter air. The fellow had a fever and wanted to "sack-out" to get rid of it.

Lieber excused him all right, but not before having "The Ape" open every window to the outside, with the cold winter wind rushing in. That night the kid had to be rushed to the emergency infirmary. I never heard what happened after that.

Every day in the stockade increased my burning desire to escape. I knew if I remained there much longer it would be at the expense of my sanity.

One night Lieber had me brought out to a small isolated room. "The Ape" was with him alone in the room. There had been some pilfering of food from the kitchen and Lieber wanted to know who was responsible. I knew nothing but wouldn't have told him a thing if I did and I let him know it. He motioned to "The Ape", and "The Ape" started in on me. It felt like my brains were a metal ball bouncing around inside a pin-ball machine. Lieber howled for more and more, laughing in-

sanely. All of a sudden, "The Ape" stopped. He spit at Lieber and left the room, slamming the steel door behind. The color drained from Lieber's face as we both realized what had happened--"The Ape" had gotten fed up with Lieber, sadism, and the whole business.

I knew this was "IT". It was now or never! I lunged at Lieber. He backed off in stark horror, screaming, "No, no!".

There are not many things I have enjoyed in my life more than the few moments of revenge with Lieber. I listened to him scream for only an instant as I grabbed him. Then I shoved my free hand across his whinning mouth and with the weight of my whole body I smashed his skull down against the concrete floor. I didn't count how many times I smashed it. But I recall being a bit surprised when the color of the blood spurting out of his head was RED! I don't know what I really expected, but this creature had never once displayed a single bit of human consideration in my presence so I guess it only natural that I thought of him as something sub-human, horribly sub-human.

I made good my escape, utilizing one of my old habits--car stealing. I used a couple of the few bucks I had snatched from Lieber's wallet to buy some chocolate bars, 3 packs of cigarettes, and a pint of whisky. I threw my head back and poured that first long swig of hooch down my throat till I thought it was going to shoot out the top of my head. It almost burned my insides up, but in a few seconds I felt good all over, like I knew I would. I thought of Lieber, again, spit, finished off the pint and drove off into the night, tearing up the highway as I went.

I got two states away before they caught me.

My next stop was Leavenworth.

This had been the scene of more than one gangster movie I had watched. And now I was here. I felt proud. Why not? I had nothing else to shoot for. And if that was the way it was going to be, I was going to make the most of it. All my life I had despised everything petty--petty people, petty ideas. I always had one hell of an ego and I decided if I was going to be a crook, I was going to be a big crook! The panty-waist, nigger-Army had erased, for the present, my thoughts on patriotism, and it looked as if crime was my calling. If so, it was to be Capone or nothing.

But, as I had learned in the stockade, the gangster movies show 55 minutes of the crook having a ball and only 5 minutes of him getting caught. When you're in jail the whole 60 minutes, 24 times each day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year are spent there.

When you look out at the world between the bars you see it in a light that is impossible to see from the outside. The bars seem to cast strange shadows on those outside. From inside, you really SEE, for the first time who is cleaning up on a heatless, rat-infested tenament, that he rents to some poor woman whose old man ran off and left her for a jug of wine. She sells her body to pay the rent and for every illegitimate child she has she collects a bigger relief bonus from the welfare people. She tries to get heat in the winter. Rosenblatt, the landlord, tells her "He'll do what he can", which is nothing. She complains to the rent commission which files her complaint with those of 5,000 others.

You see these in the shadow of the bars, and in your mind it looks as though people like Rosenblatt are actually behind the bars too--because you believe they belong behind bars more than you do!

But society says no. Such "legal" crooks are almost glorified. The landlord, Rosenblatt, is demonstrating "capitalistic free enterprise", and the poor starving whore is a "criminal".

If you looked further you'de probably see Dave Perlman's sweatshop, where the whore's illegitimate kid was loading boxes on trucks 12 hours a day for $9.00.

Perlman is another who possess

(cont'd on page 32)

Sneaking Made Me Sick

An Open Letter to the NSRP
from its former
National Security Officer,
Matt Koehl

Dear Ed:

We have known each other for a long time. I was the National Security Officer for the National States Rights Party for three years, and, as you will remember, we have had many a long and detailed discussion on the best tactics for saving our beloved America and our White Race from Jew Communist treason and race-mixing.

You and I both knew, from the very beginning, that we were NAZIS, and so were all the other men like Emory Burke who worked with us. You said, and I believed you, that it was suicide to come out and admit this openly.

When Commander Rockwell hung up the swastika, you told me he would be "dead or in jail in a week!"

"The Jew lies about Hitler are too much to overcome now," you told us, "we will have to use an approach that will not scare away the masses. We will have a completely Nazi program, but we will have to disguise it so the old ladies and contributors won't get scared away too fast!"

We all tried to talk Commander Rockwell out of his openly Nazi tactics, including me. I believed you at that time, and honestly agreed that he could not survive as an open Nazi.

He was preaching that only the psychological SHOCK of open Nazism could ever REACH the masses--in spite of the Jewish "quarantine", or "silent treatment".

Commander Rockwell said that we could never win the youth or the masses of tough working men with a cowardly approach designed mostly to gather up old ladies and preachers.

For three long years I believed you when you kept predicting that the American Nazi Party and Commander Rockwell would be "framed" and polished off any minute.

I worked faithfully for you for all that time. But we never did reach the masses in any way just as Commander Rockwell predicted. After five years of hard work, I am sure that not one American in a thousand ever heard of Dr. Edward Fields or the NSRP. The membership of the NSRP still consists almost 100% of the same aging groups of good but helpless older people who have been unable to make any dent in Jew communism and race-mixing after 30 or 40 years of the same "nice", disguised, usually religious approach.

Meanwhile, I watched Commander Rockwell going out into the streets to FIGHT Jew communism and race-mixing in cities all over America. Almost every American and millions of people all over the world not only know the name Rockwell but have been sparked into new life by the fight he has been putting up. Anti-Jewish movements are beginning to sprout all over the earth.

In the Chicago and Milwaukee area, where I live and work, I saw hundreds of high school and college youths activated and inflamed by the

heroism of the Commander and his men. I talked to the carpenters, taxi drivers, plumbers, butchers and other good, common Americans and found most of them secretly admiring Commander Rockwell's desperate and heroic battle against Jew communism and race-mixing. When I asked them about the NSRP they just looked blank. They never heard of it. When I tried to enlist them in the NSRP, they continued to look blank and had no interest. It was simply impossible to recruit YOUNG white men into the NSRP.

You had told me that the disguised "soft" approach to Nazism of the NSRP would win the masses. Instead, I found that the infallable and healthy instincts of YOUNG people caused them to be repulsed rather than attracted by what they could feel was Nazism but which did not have the guts to stand up manfully and fight for itself under its own name.

As you know, Ed, I have been in the "movement" for over ten years. I know that the top leaders of the NSRP are atheists--just as Rev. Winrod found out. (You will remember, he resigned from the NSRP for that exact reason.)

John Kasper, whom we both admired used to have printed on the letterhead of the Seaboard White Citizens Council, which he headed, the quotation, "Only the most absolute sincerity under Heaven can effect any change".

But he didn't mention that those words are quoted directly from Adolf Hitler's "Mein Kampf". AND THOSE WORDS ARE TRUE, ED!

Sneaking, lying and smearing are not the forte of the White Man. They are Jewish tactics. And when the White Man stoops to use these Jewish methods, he is doomed to miserable failure and disgrace.

When you began to work with James Warner, accepted the American Nazi Party mailing list which he stole, and secretly assisted in publication of the despicable "Swastika Smearbund" against the Commander, two years ago, I began to get disgusted. The more I protested, along with Emory and the other good men in the NSRP, the more vicious you seemed to become on the subject of Commander Rockwell and the American Nazi Party. You continued to print stories of our Chicago Nazi activities in the Thunderbolt, giving the false impression that it was NSRP activity. Finally, I resigned from the NSRP telling you all this in a long letter. So you printed a notice that I resigned to "work in a book shop"--once again misrepresenting facts.

I believe that your latest attacks on the Commander and the Party, to which I have dedicated my life, are sickening all but the blind, petty, and the easily-swindled patriots. Instead of destroying the Commander and the American Nazi Party, I think you will discover that you have destroyed not only yourself, but the real Nazis who still remain in the NSRP.

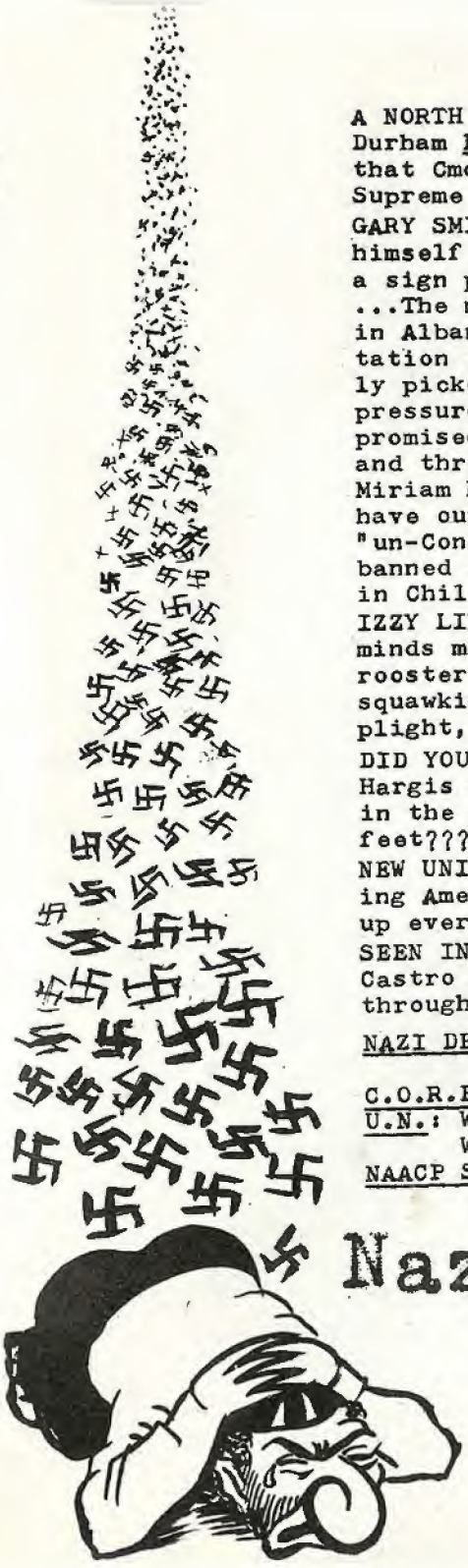
When such people find out, for instance, how you lied about the Commander's efforts to help Don Branch; how you hid Don Branch's letter from the good people at the NSRP Convention and how you and Warner perjured yourselves to put a fellow white man in JAIL--you will lose all but the lowest, most cowardly or most ignorant members and supporters.

I know how hard Commander Rockwell has tried to avoid hurting any sincere patriots and how he has scrupulously stuck to the truth in spite of the awful lies and smears you have spread about him. I know how much you have lied and how vicious you have become since the arrival of Warner in the NSRP headquarters. I truly feel sorry for you, Ed. You have good qualities and there are many good men in the NSRP. But you are betraying all the sincere people in the NSRP and yourself by your mad-dog attacks on the most fearless and successful leader I have ever met in the fight against Jew communism and race-mixing, Commander George Lincoln Rockwell!

For our White Republic

Matt Koehl

Matt Koehl
Captain, ANP



A NORTH CAROLINA newspaper, the Durham Public Appeal, has demanded that Cmdr Rockwell be put on the Supreme Court to offset Goldberg!! GARY SMITH, a great Nazi, handcuffed himself to the British Embassy with a sign protesting Cmdr's deportation ...The mere presence of three Nazis in Albany, Ga, stopped all Coon agitation ... WCPO Cincinnati, thoroughly picketed by Nazis when NY Jew pressure scared them out of showing promised TV debate between ANP man and three opponents ... A Jew named Miriam Rubinstein is fighting to have our National Anthem declared "un-Constitutional" ... Mein Kampf banned in Brazil ... New Nazi Party in Chile...

IZZY LIPSHITS (Walter Winchell) reminds me of a caponized, impotent rooster flapping around the barnyard squawking because everyone knows his plight, but no one gives a damn...

DID YOU EVER look at Billy James Hargis and wonder why he wasn't up in the air with a string around his feet???

NEW UNITS of anti-race-mixing Fighting American Nationalists springing up everywhere...

SEEN IN SUBWAY: Picture of Fidel Castro over caption "I got my job through the NEW YORK TIMES."

NAZI DEFINITIONS:

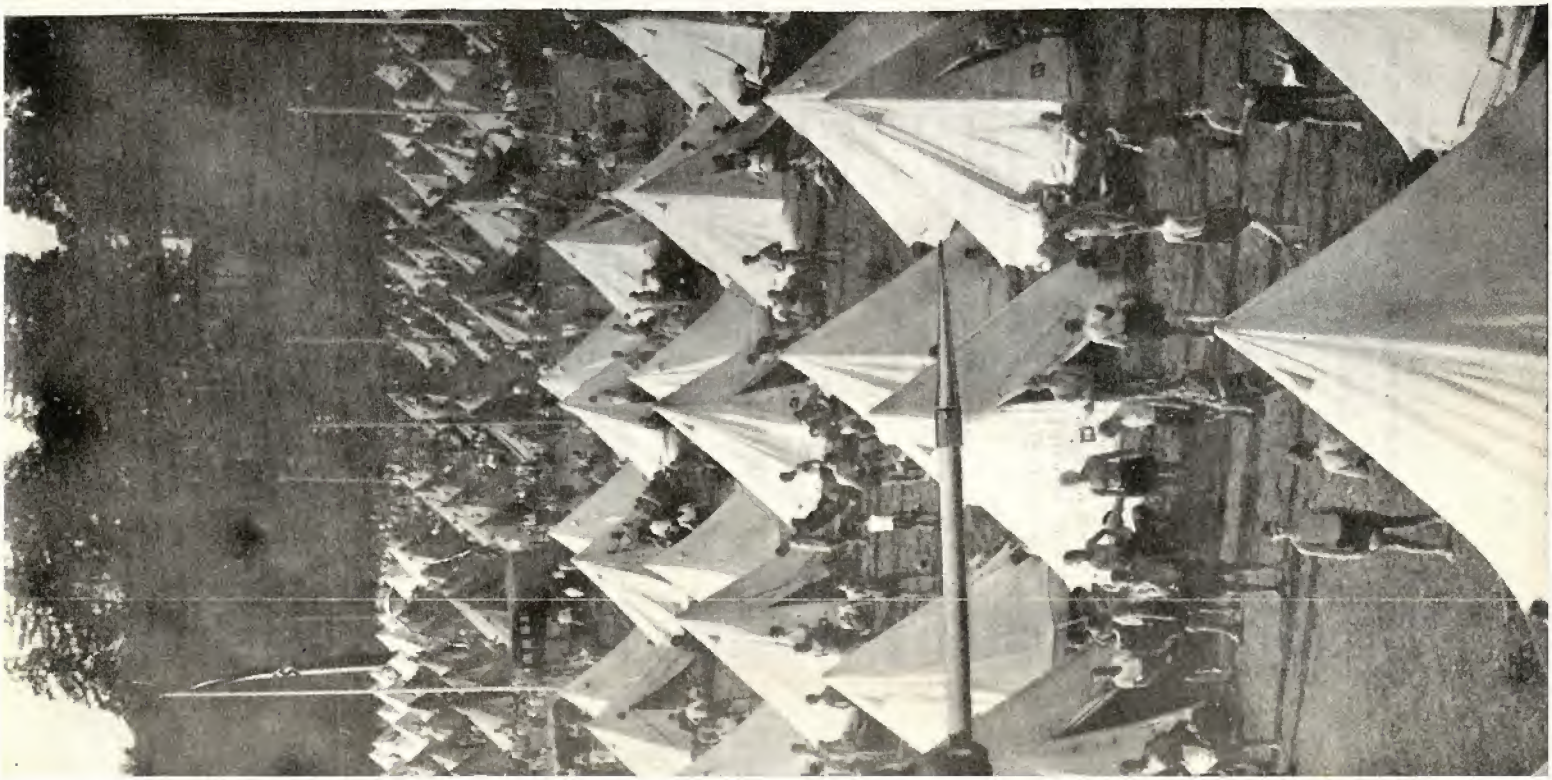
C.O.R.E. : Come On Rastus, Elevate!
U.N.: Witch Doctors' Convention with White Servants.
NAACP SYMPHONY: Carstair's Fifth in A-Flat.

Nazi Hatelets

by

Capt. Seth D. Ryan A.N.P.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR WHITE YOUTH CORPS



But again, I reckoned without the Jewish "quarantine treatment", which I found invaluable through all the rest of the trip. The Jews had been so insistent that the press not print news and pictures of me and the party activities that I could get around everywhere without being recognized.

The customs men opened only one of my bags for a perfunctory check, motioned me to the exit gate, and I was IN!

I couldn't believe it! I felt a tinge of regret at not having taken my uniform and some literature--when it turned out to have been so EASY.

I was in Ireland--but still wasn't on target; I was still not in ENGLAND!

I looked around for somebody to meet me, and there seemed to be no one. For a few moments I had the horrors imagining our men had all been seized and I had walked into some kind of trap.

Then a tall, good looking young man with thinning blonde hair walked over to me, shook my hand and said, 'I'm with Mr. Jordan"—just as planned!

It was John Tyndall, Colin Jordan's right-hand man, and one of the best Nazis I've ever met!

Colin Jordan Himself

I went with him quietly and quickly. In a few minutes I was shaking hands, with more emotion than it is possible to write about, with the great Colin Jordan himself!

We jumped in a little British car they had ready, and we sped off into the Irish countryside. I felt SURE we were being followed, so I insisted on some of the anti-tailing precautions we have learned here. It was a waste of time. We were off by ourselves with no one seeming to care a hoot!

One of the major dangers we were worried about was the possibility of being seized by Israeli criminal kidnappers such as seized Eichmann, once I was out from under the protection of the U. S. Constitution. So the brave men who met me had made provisions to defend ourselves, and this was an additional hazard, because of legal complications. I was amazed again and again at the ingenuity and courage of our British Nazi comrades!

For hours we sped over the little country roads in the back counties of beautiful Ireland. We had so much to talk about that it was actually hard to talk. Everything we started to say seemed less important than something else which immediately occurred just as we started to speak. Mostly we went over the plans for the real BIG moment, getting over the border into the English part of Ireland.

The British have a different way of going at things than we do, and

tend to underplay things so much that it seemed to me they were being far too nonchalant about the business of getting ME into Britain after all the fuss by their "Secretary of State" that I would NOT get into Britain!

But I learned a tremendous respect for the British, and understood at last why Hitler was so utterly dedicated to these people and so anxious to make an alliance with them, far from wanting to fight them--as the Jews forced him to fight them.

They had spent the previous two days rehearsing every tiny movement of the actual crossing. They felt sure it would be carried off successfully.

First Agreements

But just in case of catastrophe, we stopped first in a field somewhere in Ireland--Limerick County--I think, to hold the basic talks on our International Agreements. Even if I had been seized at the Irish-English border, the cat was in the bag! We spent many hours in that field working out preliminary details. It would have been very pleasant, except for the fact that John Tyndall and I both had unhappy relapses of hay fever from some vicious weed new to us both, some peculiar Irish type of weed or grass.

Then back into the little car and more hours of zipping through rolling Irish country-side! The crossing had been planned for dark, and because of Ireland's northern latitude, it stays light there in July until ten-thirty or so. After a supper in a little Irish inn, we waited outside for real darkness, and watched the Irishmen having a Saturday night. They had just beaten some other County in "bowling", I think they call it, and were properly loaded to celebrate the event.

We went over the details of the crossing over and over and over again.

To protect our British comrades, I cannot here give actual details of the crossing itself. I can only note that they as well as I took some long and frightening chances--and, as is proper for a leader, Colin Jordan personally took the worst of it on the British side, as I did for us.

I can also say it CAN be done legally by almost anybody, although we didn't know it at the time.

Our Irish comrades did their part by keeping the poor old duffer at the border busier than he had been for years. He must have thought that half the whiskyed-up Irishmen in Ireland were rushing all over the land!

After the crossing, we drove all over North Ireland for most of the night, and then drove into Belfast about ten a. m.

We bought tickets for the steamer which plies between Belfast, Ireland and Heisham, England--and then had all day to kill, because the boat didn't leave until late that evening. So we went on a sightseeing tour of Ireland I will never forget. Everywhere the people were so friendly and warm it made me realize how our American commerciali-

zation and Jew-ization has hardened and deadened us in America.

We visited a beautiful old Irish castle and fort, Bally something-or-other, and took many pictures for the record as well as a lot of pictorials.

The Big Moment

As night approached, I got that old tight feeling as we planned for any possible investigations while getting aboard. The British supplied me with an old cap, a curved old pipe and a tweed jacket, while our Irish comrades provided the "crowd" before and after us to keep the ticket-takers, etc., occupied. They acted the parts of drunken Irishmen so well it made me wonder how they learned the parts so well.

When all was ready, our procession joined the others getting aboard, and I went up the gang-way without saying a word to the officials--just handed them my ticket.

This hazard behind us, it seemed that we had just about "made it". But the British lads assured me that getting off might be a bit more difficult than getting on.

The boat chugged along all night and pulled into the English port city of Heisham about five a. m. just after dawn.

I got rigged up in my old pipe, cap and jacket, and we made ready for the final entry into Britain proper. At the last minute, one of the British Nazis grabbed me and whispered I was standing too straight. "Slouch!", he urged. "You're not supposed to be MacArthur returning, you know, old man!"

Jordan had more of his men at Heisham who took up the escort, in case of any compromise of the men with us. But there was no trouble getting off the boat.

Nevertheless, as a final precaution, I was deposited on a British train alone, for the first time, and told to get off at the next station, where another team of Nazis would pick me up in a car. I was a bit concerned at this, since my old cap, pipe and jacket would fool nobody if I opened my mouth, and I felt sure a conductor or somebody would ask me something. But nothing happened, and I got off safely at the next station--jumped in the car--and then drove off in a cloud of dust to another day of driving--this time over Scotland and Northern England, until at last it was time to drive down to London.

"Rockwell Will Never Get In!"

By this time, the papers and radio were all blaring the fact that an air-tight net had been thrown over Britain, and such a monster as I could not possibly get in! We have always operated in the wide open, of course, and this was a new experience for me--to feel the excitement of the cloak-and-dagger kind of a chase in which I was the hare, and the hounds were the entire machinery of the British Government.

But, again, because of the stupidity and greediness of the Jews, I

was fairly safe. All the papers in England had pictures of me, of course--but they were the WORST imaginable pictures, selected with great care from millions of pictures taken of me in four years. The

Typical pictures of Commander Rockwell as printed in British papers and used on British TV.

most usual one was taken in the middle of a speech three years ago with a telephoto lens, and showed my head tilted back so my nostrils looked like two black holes in the head of a monster. The whole thing gave the effect of a wild animal charging with dripping fangs and nostrils dilated. Since I do not look anything like this ferocious misrepresentation, nobody could possibly recognize me. Had the Jews permitted even one or two decent pictures of me, I would have been recognized by at least one or two of the thousands of Britishers, Scotsmen and Irishmen who saw me, often for comparatively long periods.

This is just one more case in which the misery of being a manipulator has been brought to my attention. I often think the main reason I am honest is because I am lazy; I can't be bothered to remember a lot of different lies to tell people; it is so much easier to tell the truth and then you don't have to remember it especially. But the Jews have got out so many lies now about me and the Nazi Party that they keep getting "hoist by their own petard". Their own skullduggery often back-fires on them, as with the present case of the pictures, and, in fact, the whole "silent treatment".

Stupid Jews

One third of the Jews are preaching "ignore Rockwell", another third preaches "smear him", while still another third comes out with clubs and baling hooks to murder me. Noen of them preach facing up to my arguments and facts, of course. They can't. So the three teams of Hebes keeps ruining each other's acts. While the first third, the intellectuals, are "ignoring" me, the second third is printing vile, misrepresentative pictures of me, calling me a sex-fiend, etc.--and the last third is lousing up the whole scene trying to kill me in riots. Once we have the upper hand, as we do now, its just plain FUN to watch these liars and cheats scrambling madly between one or the other of these rotten tactics hoping desperately to avoid the gas at the end of the trail. Here at headquarters we have had endless hours of fun imagining the consternation at Jew headquarters. Our best mimics put on their juiciest Yiddish accents and call "Dr." S. Andhill Fineberg, originator of the

"silent treatment", onto the carpet. "Fineberg" squirms and crawls and admits "Oy, maybe ve should of moidered the feelthy bastid!"

We arrived in London early in the morning, and went by Nazi headquarters there, although there was too much chance of catastrophe if I actually entered, so I never did. I am sure there are a lot of tired Scotland Yard men who sat around there for many days waiting uselessly.

We Pose at Scotland Yard

With the newspapers headlining the Home Secretary's absolute assurance that Rockwell couldn't get NEAR England, we drove all over London taking pictures at the key spots. I was photographed at Big Ben, Trafalgar Square, in front of the major newspaper offices, including the Jew Chronicle, Number Ten Downing Street--and, as a final fillup, in front of the main entrance at Scotland Yard.

For the pictures in front of Buckingham Palace, I went up to two different London "Bobbies" and asked them questions as an excuse for the pictures. I am sure these poor cops will never hear the end of THAT affair!

The pictures finished, we visited in the homes of some of the top British Nazis, including a ranking British official, whose colleagues would surely faint dead away if they knew of his National Socialist sympathies.

Then I was whisked out of London and out to a smaller town about a hundred miles away--Cheltenham.

I had learned to get about tolerably well with my cap, pipe and even learned to say "thrupence", so it was decided to deposit me in an Inn while the rest of the lads got the camp set up. It would have been a give-away for any of them to stay with me, so I was registered as Mr. "Henderson"--and left alone.

Thanks again to the terrible pictures of me appearing in the British press, I was able to get along very well as the American writer, George Henderson. The owners of the Inn, Mr. and Mrs. Coldwell, were extremely kind to me, and I actually had some very homey chats with them, their cute little daughters and a friend in their parlor--while all of England was in an uproar looking for me!

Vile Race Mixing in England

Everywhere I went in England, I found something we do NOT see in the USA--mixed-color couples! It is impossible to go to even the tiniest town in England without seeing the enraging sight of a black man holding hands with a pretty little blond British girl! In the small towns, there aren't many blacks--but the ones who are there are really "tasting the honey" as the Negroes call it. While I was in Cheltenham, I did a lot of walking around town and saw these miscegenated couples everywhere--even in the Chinese restaurant where I ate most of my meals.

After three days of this, during which the furor over the Nazis

grew hotter and hotter, Colin Jordan came up in the dark of a Saturday night in his little red MG and we whizzed off to join the camp. I considered this an impossibility, at the time, because I couldn't see how Scotland Yard could POSSIBLY have failed to have the camp well staked out by now.

But I was learning that being a Nazi in Britain is DIFFERENT than it is here. Our FBI and police are equipped with all sorts of technical equipment which is either unheard of in Britain, or is not considered "crickett" to use. I suspect it is the latter, because they "get away" with things over there which would stash us away for years. They paint up all bridges and walls with slogans and swastikas, for instance, and the penalty, even if they are caught in the act, is not bad. Carl Sandburg, who is against the death penalty even for murderers, has suggested that swastika painters should be executed, for instance, and those caught at it here in America have been cruelly punished. But over there, unless you are caught in the ACT, you are safe, by a sort of "code of honor". There is no sampling of the paint, recording of brush-marks and all the other detection tricks used here in the USA on hapless painters.

It seemed utterly fantastic to me that the two top Nazis, who were in all the papers, could ride into the notorious "hate" camp, surrounded by reporters, police and Scotland Yard, without me being caught. Especially it seemed mad since we were in the blazing red MG which MUST have been listed on every police sheet in Britain.

But Colin Jordan is not only an educated gentleman graduate of Cambridge University--he is a bold buccaneer when it comes to this sort of operation.

They had a "Land Rover" truck, and, with precise timing, as we pulled into the area, a whole herd of pursuers took up the chase--and just as they were closing in for the "kill", the Land Rover pulled square across the narrow little country road and blocked everybody while we whizzed off. The police don't seem to mind that sort of thing in Britain, or else they are secret Nazis--but anyway, we succeeded with that bold plan, in arriving in a pitch-black patch of forest near the camp. Colin and I jumped out, and then began more of the crawling and squirming through thorns and thistles which was so much a part of my visit to Britain. It's hard to believe that we actually did these things as I look back on them now from my safe, quiet office. I felt like all the desperate characters in fiction as we pulled ourselves on our elalong a foot-high wall in the blackness and silence. My shoulders were about to give out when we heard the crackling of a fire and the low tones of conversation. Colin told me to lie still, while he went ahead and checked. Then he crawled back and whispered, "All set!".

We got up and I walked into a dramatic scene such as you might imagine in an historical novel, but not in real life! Forty or fifty uniformed British Nazis were lined up on both sides of me as an honor-guard, and they were holding up blazing torches which could not be described as other than "theatrical"!

What a smashing IMPACT it all had!

Behind the fire, I could see the international Nazi delegates from

other nations, but I was too overcome with emotion to recognize any of them in the flickering light of the camp-fire blaze.

Colin Jordan gave a short and inspiring introduction in an atmosphere you could FEEL!. Then I spoke.

I am sure that I have never given such a speech in my life, and I am also sure I will never give one exactly like THAT again!

More than one delegate told me, the next morning, that he or she wept as I spoke out of the fullness of my heart about the unspeakable, crushing catastrophe sweeping over Western Civilization and its White builders, -then of the miraculous rise of NAZISM which, alone, stood athwart the path of criminal Jew Communism, race-mixing and subversion, -and which could utterly destroy the filthy, crawling thing!

When I congratulated the British Nazis on reaching up to grasp the mighty hand of The Leader, I put my arm up into the darkness, and could almost feel the touch of the Great Man, and the surging flow of power from an Inscrutable Destiny which has so far guided us unerringly through impossible circumstances to victory after victory!

For half an hour I spoke words which seemed to pour out of me by themselves. I felt goose-bumps rise on my skin, and my scalp pull tight; my throat constricted until it was hard to speak. I was overflowing with the blazing spirit of our mighty Nazi movement. When I shouted "HEIL HITLER!" at the end, from the darkness of the forest came an answering roar, "HEIL HITLER!", which must have been heard in London! If it wasn't then, it will be later!

In the flickering firelight, I then met men with whom I have been corresponding for years--great men, brave men--men who dared years of prison just to be there! It was such a night as I shall never forget.

When we were all utterly exhausted, our spirits were perked up into a new mood by British Party Comrade Dennis Pirie, who is "the actor" for our English group. He sang the pitiful ballad of poor "Finklestein" who gave up making wine out of water to become a Jew Communist commisar, only to meet a band of Nazis who reduced him to a "dark and faded bloodstain", with innumerable choruses of "Perish Judah!" and dark hints of chambers and chimneys.

Finally, just before dawn, it seemed, I was escorted to a tent with Mr. Jordan and Mr. Tyndall. Lying on the cold ground, with the temperature down around forty, in two or three hours, I was thoroughly chilled. I got up in the dawn and inspected the night guards who were posted all over the camp with clubs. It was a fine opportunity to talk to the rank-and-file British Nazis, and I made the most of it.

With the Cotswold Agreements on paper, the next problem was getting me out of the camp through the swarms of newspaper correspondants, Jews, police, Scotland Yard men and curiosity seekers who surrounded the camp.

They were so wild to find me that I felt sure they would jump off to a "false start" if I could provide them with the right bait, and with

the proper cloak-and-dagger "props".

We found one of the German boys who also had to get out of the camp because of the persecution he faced at home, and who also was tall and of approximately the same build as mine. We dressed him up in a Grade "B" movie spy-type outfit and then got a girl's black scarf and tied it over his head to make it appear that he was trying to disguise himself as a woman.

I crawled to a vantage point near the gate and watched as we sent our "bait" out. Huddled in the seat of the MG, my disguised German comrade went out in a cloud of dust and I had the pleasure of hearing assembled Jews and news-sharks yelling "There goes Rockwell!". The whole mob took up the pack in hot pursuit.

To make it look good, we also arranged to have the land-rover pull out of a side road after the MG whizzed by and block the road so the pursuers were foiled. They raged and roared, but couldn't get by the land-rover full of English storm-troopers. The MG whirled off out of sight as the reporters were already writing their stories that I had been smuggled out of the camp "in a black hood"!

We enjoyed listening to this cloak-and-dagger story on the little portable radio as we arranged my real exit for later.

There were quite a few girl Nazis at the camp, and some of them were real beauties. It was decided to dress me up as an English country boy and send me walking off down the road with some of these girls and some of the other lads--on the way to the "pub". The Jews were already sure that I was gone, so that I was able to walk right through them in the dark with a girl on each arm and the boys singing and boasting of what they would consume when they got to the "boozer" as they call it.

How I admired the coolness and dedication of these British Party comrades! They carried it off so well it was almost an anti-climax when we arrived, after about two miles of walking, at the rendezvous with the little MG which had slipped back through the net. I swapped clothes in the dark, bade farewell to these wonderful people in low voices--but voices charged with a tremendous emotion--and sped off in the blackness toward the rest of the incredible adventure.

For four more days I scurried from place to place in England and Scotland, while everybody in the United Kingdom was hunting "that Nazi beast".

Once again, I enjoyed watching the Jews suffer from their own lies and misrepresentations. The ONLY picture they could bring themselves to print of me were SO vile and false that NOBODY ever recognized me--even policemen. I could have stayed in England forever. If the fatheads had just ONCE put an ordinary picture of me on the TV instead of the "horror" pictures which flooded the TV and newspapers day after day, I would have been recognized and grabbed the moment I put my head into the street. But as it was, I went everywhere unnoticed, even riding in the ubiquitous double-decker British buses and listening to the Britishers discussing me as I sat next to them!

Meantime, Colin Jordan had arranged to sell an exclusive half-hour interview with me to Britain's equivalent of our newspaper "American Weekly" for 1,000 pounds ($2,800).

Once we had exposed me for this, of course, hiding would be out of the question, so I wanted to be sure to turn myself in rather than be seized. Colin Jordan picked me up, once again, in his little red MG and we raced across England toward the rendezvous with the British Press. But first, we stopped and I personally called Scotland Yard to tell them I would be in there by midnight.

As we hit the outskirts of London, I judged (correctly, as it turned out later) that Jordan's car was, by now, too "HOT". We would never reach any "secret" rendezvous in THAT. So I got Colin to stop, while I jumped out and took a cab, after arranging a further meeting in the very center of London--in Hyde Park--where any Britisher can get up and rave on anything (except anti-Jewishness, of course).

I waited in Hyde Park, enjoying the screaming headlines that the U. S. Embassy had offered all its help so England could throw me out (while remaining discreetly silent about getting Jew spy Soblen back for his just punishment as a traitor). I was supposed to be met at 7:30 p.m. --but there was no sign of Colin and the reporter by 8 o'clock. So I moved to the prearranged second rendezvous, the lobby of London's "Waldorf Astoria"--the Cumberland Hotel. And there I waited again, in the middle of Britain's biggest man-hunt, for two more hours, growing more and more certain that things had gone sour.

I later learned that, just as I suspected, Jordan's little MG had been a dead give-away, and he was mobbed by every reporter and Scotland Yard man in London. He COULDN'T bring that pack anywhere near me, of course.

I had been warned that, as might be expected, the telephones to London Nazi headquarters were tapped. But I had to take a chance since there was little left I could do. And in any case, I was planning to turn myself in to Scotland Yard in the next hour.

So I called, using code names; told them I was at the Cumberland Hotel on my way to Scotland Yard; and wanted one of our men with me as a witness, etc., when I turned in.

Scotland Yard later told me that that was the first line they got on me and how they arrived at the newspaper office, where I was a few moments later.

We had sold a picture of me at the camp to the London Daily Mirror for $280, and I knew they were eager for an "exclusive". So, in loyalty to the paper which had helped finance us, I called the Mirror to tell them I was on the way to the Yard. They begged me for a short interview first. I told them there was too much chance of being grabbed before I could turn myself in. They offered me another hundred pounds ($280) and, poor as we are, I couldn't resist that. But I didn't dare tell them where I was. Instead, I told them to have their man walking in front of the Odeon theatre across from Hyde Park with a newspaper in each hand, and I would have somebody approach him. (I was counting on the arrival of one of our men from Nazi headquarters.) But after

another wait in a dark alley, with no signs of my comrades, I walked up to the man with the papers in each hand and identified myself. He turned out to be a decent guy named Vale, and bundled me off in their car for pictures at a "fish and chips" shop, and then to the offices of the Mirror, which I thought was a mistake. I kept asking about the hundred pounds, and he assured me I would get it at the Mirror offices.

But when we got there, the new editor who had promised the money, got me in private and informed me that his Jewish bosses had rebelled at paying any more money "to build gas chambers", and had welched!

And, just as I had suspected, while we were talking, two clean-cut looking British young men stepped in, and, as politely as possible, told me that they were from Scotland Yard and I would have to "come along". I asked if I could not finish talking to the editor, but they firmly insisted I leave immediately, which I did.

We went in their car to the Cannon Row Prison, where I was searched and interrogated. I cheerfully told them everything except the names of the brave Britishers who had helped "hide me out", and they were most polite about everything.

It seemed that most of Scotland Yard turned out that night to see the "Fascist Beast". And they were all as nice and polite as the first young chaps. They reminded me of our own FBI, which is also utterly professional, clean-cut and courteous in its duties.

The "Home Office" also sent its top men down. After the searching and interrogations, I was offered tea and cigarettes, and they asked me if I was ready for the ceremony of reading the deportation order of Her Majesty the Queen. I replied I was, and they then mustered me in formation much as I used to read citations for bravery to my men as Commanding Officer of Navy Squadrons. The gentleman who read me this document was obviously an important dignitary, and everyone else treated him with the utmost deference. But he was perfectly charming toward me, and it was hard to remember, as he read, that this was an order throwing me out of England as "undesireable"! I believe that the British probably are equally as charming even when hanging you, asking you, "Would you mind stepping over this way, old chap?" etc., to be centered on the trap.

After the ceremony, there was more tea and hand-shakes all around, and I was then shown to my "quarters".

I am familiar with jails all over America, now, having been thrown in many times when we are attacked by screaming, law-breaking Jews. None of them are pleasant, but this "detention" cell was what we would call "solitary"--and a dungeon of old, cold stone at that. No bars, but a solid steel door with a peep-hole which the guard opens and then bangs shut every half hour all night as you lie on the cold and bare bench, under a glaring light bulb.

About nine a.m., I was given a decent "breakfast"--considering jail and British food in general--and was escorted out by more dignitaries. When I got back my wallet, I found they had taken out the $ 280

we got for the picture of me from the Mirror--for my fare! I protested that this was naked robbery, which it was, but to no avail. It is certainly unjust that they can throw you out and make you pay for it too--but then we got the money from the Jews under the same conditions, so perhaps we are even.

They had taken astounding precautions against my contacting any reporters for so much as one word. I was put in a car with two others loaded with detectives, etc., ahead--and the first two cars whizzed out of gates where the press was waiting by the hundreds. Then we zipped out another secret door toward the rear, and tore through London to a second police station, where we transferred to yet another vehicle. Finally they drove the cortege out onto the airfield itself to the foot of the steps to the big Pan Am jet, where the press was now congregated behind pipe-barriers held by police and guards. The Scotland Yard men actually PUSHED me up the steps, but I pushed back, for the first time, at the top of the steps, long enough to give a salute and "Heil Hitler" before disappearing into the jet.

The trip to Boston was uneventful, except for a slight encounter with a North Carolina Jewish boy who thought to entrap me into saying vile and stupid things, not knowing he was Jewish. But I am used to such Jewish pettifogging, and managed to cool him off when he came out with the inevitable "Well I'm Jewish, you bastard, and #&%$ *&@#¢!!"

The hostesses were thoroughly entranced with the drama and romance of the whole business, and helped me keep this Jew calm and peaceful. I converted both of them before the trip was over, after telling them how Mr. Soblen was not the ONLY Jew spy ever caught, and how Communism, from Marx to Soblen, has ALWAYS been a Jewish racial movement.

At Boston I was met by such a swarm of reporters as I have never before seen. But they were held back by police until I had gone through customs, where I was thoroughly, totally searched. Somewhere in the process, my pants ripped at the seams, and I had to play hide and seek with one Jew reporter who thought to put an end to Nazism by getting a ridiculous picture of the head hate-man with his "pants down".

The customs people were kind enough to let me use their stapler to staple the seam back up, but this measure wasn't too successful, as the staples only tore through the cloth, and the staples were sharp.

After the customs search, I went into the room where police had herded the press, and stepped before a forest of mikes and cameras. The questions flew thick and fast, with the Jew reporters, as usual, trying to get me to say or do something which would be ridiculous or vile so that they can continue to misrepresent me and our cause to the American people, as they have been doing for so long.

They especially goaded me about my letter to the Queen, requesting an audience and offering to "drag Jew spy Soblen back in chains".

"Wasn't that a cheap Nazi publicity trick?", they kept asking.

"Not so cheap as the world's Jews in protecting and shielding a

convicted spy like Soblen while forcing the British government to bounce an American patriot and veteran out of the Country in actual hours!", I kept replying.

They never print replies like that, of course, but it also prevents them from printing worse than they do.

As I left the press conference to phone my headquarters in Washington, a mob of vile Jews swarmed around me, cursing and threatening. While I was in the phone booth, the mob built up to amazing proportions and I thought for awhile they would work up their courage for a "brotherhood" attack such as I have faced so often from these apostles of love and free-speech. When I finished my call, I stepped out into the middle of them, and began to be pushed and shoved. Some Massachusetts State policemen stepped in most politely and I asked them what they suggested as the best way to avoid any further disturbance. I told them I wanted to buy a ticket to D.C. right away. They suggested I wait in the Police booth in the airport building, and they would get the tickets to avoid any more of the riotous conduct building up. It was while they were thus walking with me to the police booth that Time Magazine took the picture they printed (finally admitting we exist)--giving the appearance that I was under arrest.

Arriving in Washington, I was met by ten of our storm-troopers and officers who turned out in honor-guard formation in full uniform at the airport, much to the horror of the Jews.

The trip was over, and, we had once again smashed to bits the stupid Jewish effort to pretend we don't exist--the "quarantine treatment" of "Dr." S. Andhill Fineberg.

We have come to the conclusion that there is ONE Jew we will never get a chance to investigate, try and gas as a convicted Jew spy in 1973. We figure that poor old Fineberg will be in such bad shape after we have just a few more of these picnics with the Jew "silent treatment" that the Jews themselves will gas this miserable gentleman. Maybe they will even get disgusted enough with him so they will ask our gassing expert to perform the ceremonies for the good "Doctor".

We won't accomodate them, however. Fineberg is the answer to a Nazi's prayer. As long as this bumbler is around, I can march all over the earth (and will) without being recognized!

But then, what other course is left to the poor Jew liars?

The OTHER gang of Jews, the ones with the beards and the beannies, who are now openly boasting they are marching out to kill me every time I try to speak, are breaking the laws and crabbing the act for the red "brotherhood" and "love" gang. We will tear them up in the courts--and in the streets if they show up to fight when we try to speak peacefully.

As we keep noticing every day, it just don't pay to be a Jew no more.

a marvelous knowledge of the mechanics of the capitalist system, and in return society has bestowed a crown of respectability on him.

If you were able to look through the bars long enough you'd see the kids growing up, hating the rat-infested cold house where he lives almost as bad as the sweatshop where he works. He blames these things on the "capitalist" and "society"--never seeing the Jew manipulators.

As he grows older he finds an easier way to get what he needs.

After a trip to Jake's Liquor store, he has all the courage he needs to roam the streets ready to mug the first man he sees. He meets that "rich" man, Charley Riley, rushing home from a hard day's work on the docks, pay envelope in pocket. Charley worked lots of overtime this week. He has to--his wife Nancy is having a baby and he needs the money for doctor bills, food, baby clothing, and maybe a special little present for Nancy.

He rushes by the alley, where he took a short cut because he was in such a hurry to get home--when bam --he runs into the kid, who belts him from behind, knocks him bloody and grabs some of that "bread" he's been "robbed of all these years".

When the night is over the kid still hates society and Charley Riley hates "every G.D., S.O.B. "juvenile delinquent"!

One year and three months later I was again breathing the free air--this time legally. My bad conduct discharge made a big hit with the old crowd--they all thought it was "real cool". But it didn't add any coins to my pocket. I started writing bad checks and was quite pleased with how simple it was to make "easy money".

Within a year I was in jail again. I spent the next two years in and out of jail. During this time my wonderful wife divorced me.

I finally got clear of the law.

Off to Los Angeles I go. I'd done a lot of thinking those last times in jail. But within two months in L. A. I managed to land myself some more thinking time.

I was sentenced to 8 months for a stupid rap that I should have stayed clear of.

In jail this time I met a man, who was to shape the course of my life more than any other single person. He is a man who had been in touch with The American Nazi Party.

We got to talking about this Nazi Party. I thought to myself that this must be a "way out" bunch. The more I thought about it the more I thought these guys, the Nazis, must be nuts. But the more this man and I talked, the more logical the whole thing began to appear.

Of course, being the kind of guy I am, the thought of being a Nazi was not as repulsive to me as it might have been to someone more "respectable".

This fellow gave me the name of the Nazi leader in Los Angeles. When my stir time was up I set out to look up the Los Angeles Nazi Leader. I spent a few months with the Los Angeles unit of the American Nazi Party, picketing in the streets in full Nazi uniform on behalf of the House Committee on Un-American Activities (the most exciting thing I ever did in my life) and getting in a few brawls. (That happens when you're a Nazi, which was nothing new to me.)

During this time, the more I picked up about Nazism the more burning became my desire to meet Commander Rockwell, the man responsible for the revival of the force that was changing my life.

So great was this desire to meet The Commander and visit our National Headquarters that I set out one day hitchhiking from Los Angeles, with only 3 dollars and 15 cents in my pocket.

When I walked through the door at National Headquarters I felt like I was coming home after a long journey. It was a long journey, 25 years long.

I consider my meeting with Commander Rockwell the most historic moment of my life.

He was tall and tough looking,

with piercing eyes that searched your soul and a handshake like a lumberjack. Despite his mean appearance, and the inevitable cigar, he had a smile that impressed upon you a tremendous sense of being appreciated, of actually being needed. The fact that this great man would express appreciation for one such as me made me feel as big as all outdoors. The man has an overpowering magnetism in his personality that draws people to him helplessly, even on the first meeting.

He explained to me the essence of Nazism, of its philosophical roots in Racism and the survival of the strongest. He showed me how the white people have built civilizations all over this earth and how the blacks had never had even a stone city. For the first time I was given a true insight into the workings of Jew communism, and how it was a mutiny of the inferiors and weaklings of the world, led by the Jews, against the natural elite--the white man. The fact that 85% of the rats convicted of being communist spies have been racial Jews, drove the point home, and left an imprint on my mind that overshadowed anything I ever might have learned about "tolerance" "love thy enemy" and the rest.

When Commander Rockwell finished, I realized the most essential axiom of people who are Nazis. And that is, that you don't learn to BE a Nazi, you DISCOVER that you ARE one.

I was a natural Nazi. So is any real MAN!

I always admired strength and hated weakness.

This being the case, any society that worships as its heroes people like Sammy Davis, Jr., Liberace, and Harry Golden, and has as its wardrobe for men pink silk bermuda shorts, must find me and all like me right in the thick of the most violent eruption against it. All the sickening efforts of "Christian" preachers to make a pansy out of me had never worked.

When Commander Rockwell explained how the Jews are behind all the leading integrationist movements, like NAACP and CORE, etc., how the Jews are merely using and exploiting the Negroes, and how they have made a pansy religion out of Christianity, it all fit in like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle.

I thought back over my life and I remembered Lieber, a Jew, and the "Ape" a poor dumb, misused Negro. I thought of the Negro wenches paying rent to landlords that are inevitably Jewish, for rat-infested flats and how this exploitation from the Jew creates within the Negro a hatred for the white man. And how, in turn, whites hate Negroes and their crime, all of which is a condition forced upon us by the parasitic Jew.

The other day I read in the paper of a man who went to the gas chamber for murder. And I thought, there but for Commander Rockwell go I.

Commander Rockwell saved me from that useless, stupid fate.

Without a purpose in life--I was headed for that gas chamber.

Only the American Nazi Party can give us that purpose. It did it for me. I wouldn't break the law for a million dollars now! I've got something better than a million dollars--my WHITE RACE and AMERICA. For that, I'll fight!

I AM fighting! When the Commie Jews and red niggers come to bust up our meetings, like in Philly and New York, I wade in and let them HAVE it! And I can tell you it is pure pleasure to feel your knuckles smashing into the face of one of those red niggers when they attack our peaceful pickets--or cracking into the jaw of an ugly Jew communist when these gangs turn out to break up our meetings!

I am literally ready to lay down my life and die for my White Race and My American Republic, and I would follow Commander Rockwell to hell and back!

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